
Title: Jarsali And The Treant

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Jarsali Oaklimbs was a
sylvan elf of the truest
grain-even to the point
of shunning others of her
race, preferring instead
the company of the
woodlands well over that

of her fellows. How her
heart came to be full of
suspicion and bitterness
at her mortal comrades,
no one knew; they only
knew that Jarsali was a
strange girl, even for an
elf. Nothing assuaged the

sorrow in her soul save
the nearness of the
primordial trees. her
wandering from the camp
took her deeper and
deeper into the virgin
forest, to places where
even few elves had ever

set foot. In the heart of
the wood, she found a
living tree holding court
with his minions. Her
shock was Remember, this
was agreat. Remember,
this was atime before
the elves hadspread

across the world,and they
knew little ofall its
races. Few hadever heard
of a treant,much less
seen one.Although her
tribe had,Jarsali had
never heededthe lessons
of hercompatriots,

no desire to learn from
their experiences.
Entranced by the sight

of the treant, she crept
closer to investigate.
Suddenly, great
bark-covered limbs from a
nearby "tree" lifted her

from the ground and held
her captive. The animated
oak brought her before
its liege.

Jarsali stood prisoner
before the treant lord,
and something in her
heart cracked and was

set free. The elf maiden
fell instantly in love with
the enduring beauty of
the craggy wood before
her. The treant eyed
Jarsali's flushed cheeks
and bright eyes.
Suthurithidan, the son of

Garanahil the First
Treant, saw hidden behind
the elf's truculent air a
spirit of fire that could
not be quenched. It was
the treant's first true
look at an elf, and he
was entranced. With a

silent flicker of his
twiggy finger, he
commanded the tree to
release the elf maid. The
two stared at each
other, sunlight filtering
though the dappled leaves;
then Suthurithida

and melted into the
forest.

Jarsali returned to her
camp. Her companions
were amazed at her newly
softened manner, so
changed was it from her
usual self. They wondered

what could have happened
on her latest excursion
into the woods, but none
said anything, feeling only
gratitude and not caring
the cause. When Jarsali
crept away a week later,

unable to forget the

treant Suthurithidan, some
few smiled, thinking
perhaps she had found a
lover with a nearby tribe.
One elf, however, did not
smile-he frowned. Azalarer
had thought to wed
Jarsali himself, for he

lusted after the elf maid.
The words of his people
were an irritant to his
pride.
Jarsali found again the
treant lord, and this time
neither could deny the
truth of how well their

souls matched the other.
The initial exhilaration
inspired by their first
meeting provided the
impetus for the rest of
their relationship, and the
feelings between two such
dissimilar beings deepened.

But Azalarer grew
suspicious of Jarsali's
continued change. He and
his cohorts followed her
into the depths of the
forest. Intent only upon
meeting her love, Jarsali's
ordinarily sharp hearing

did not warn her of this
pursuit. Azalarer and the
other found her then, and
they beheld a sight none
had ever thought to
witness in all their years:
An elf maid embraced by
a living tree!

Azalarer's heart grew
black. He taunted Jarsali
cruelly and incited the
prejudices of his
comrades. In righteous
wrath, they tore Jarsali
from the arms of the
surprised tree lord and

spirited her back to
camp. There Azalarer

fanned the flames of
xenophobia. The elves had
never heard of such a
strange coupling; they
were outraged that
Jarsali's chosen was not

even humanoid, much less
elven. They locked her
behind a stout wood
stockade and angrily
began debating what to
do with her.

Jarsali called upon all
the elven gods of the

forest and love, and she
called upon the gods of
Suthurithidan, too. She
prayed for both release
from the stockade and
from her elven form,
that she might not have
to endure the cruelties

the elves inflicted upon
her in the name of racial
purity. The gods heard
her pleas: They gave her
the answer to one by
granting the other.
Inside the stockade,
Jarsali's body stiffened.

Her hair grew long and
turned green, and her
limbs became limbs of
wood and not flesh. Her
feet sought the cracks in
the ground, and she
extended her new roots
into the soil beneath.

Shouldering aside the
flimsy blockade, she
forced her way into the
sylvan camp. The elves
scattered before her.
Some prostrated
themselves in abject
terror, fearing for their

lives. Azalarer, along with
those who had been
deliberating Jarsali's fate,
came forth from the
council chambers. The
elf's heart turned ever

more black and cracked
with rage; he grabbed a

firebrand but the council
restrained him. With
utmost respect, they
bowed to Jarsali and bade
her good speed and clean
water, for her
transformation showed
them that her love was

real-that nothing they
could say or do would
change this simple fact.
With only the faintest
bow, Jarsali turned to
the forest and was
reunited with her true
love. The elves watched

her go with a new found
respect; to this day, the
sylvan elves and the
treants share the custody
of the woods.

Moral: True love
transcends race-and
sometimes even species.